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in these words and I dared not reply to them.

Malanotti leaned in his chair, and covered up his eyes with his long thin fingers; but the glad laughter of the young peasants fell mockingly on my ears, and I was glad when they moved away. Presently Jean entered the room, his step had grown feeble.

"It will soon be finished!" exclaimed he, with flashing eyes, "even Geneviève thinks it will be grand. But does my father sleep?"

"I think not, Jean."

The young man knelt down gently beside his chair and took one of those pale withered hands in his.

"How cold!" said he, "almost as cold and white as my beautiful statue. Speak to me, father!"

But the old man never spoke again—he was dead: and I thanked Heaven that it happened as it did, before worse things came to pass.

It was hoped, now that the being for whom he had professed to toil was no more, that Jean would cease his exertions for a time, but it was not so. He had but deceived himself and others in giving any reason for his devotion to his profession, but an intense and burning love of it which nothing could control.

Even Geneviève, patient and breathless as she used to sit and watch him, was no longer admitted, lest her presence might distract his attention; but I continued to cheer the poor girl with hopes that the completion of his work would put an end at once to all this.

"Another day," exclaimed Jean to me at length, "one more day, and the name of Malanotti will be immortal."

I pressed his burning hand, and tried to congratulate him, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"However this end," said he, gratefully, "it will be all your work!"

And he heeded not how I shuddered and shrank away from his acknowledgments.

That evening I concealed myself in Malanotti's studio, in order to be witness to the triumphs of my *protégé* on the completion of his great work. It was that which you saw this morning in my gallery, and which for grandeur of expression has perhaps never been surpassed. It was finished, and the young artist stood before it with dilated eyes and bloodless lips.

"Speak!" said he, stretching out his

clasped hands toward the beautiful but senseless being of his own creation; "speak, I say, for I am sure you can!"*

"Jean," exclaimed I, advancing toward him; but he heard me not, continuing to invoke the statue by his nights and days of toil, to speak to him, if it was but one word!

In vain I strove to lure him away, to soothe this terrible excitement. The pale and feeble student seemed on a sudden to be possessed with a giant's strength, and my cries as we struggled together at length brought some of the neighbors to the spot and in all probability was the means of saving my life, so fierce was the maniac's grasp upon my throat.

After the lapse of a few days, during which he got worse and worse, it was thought advisable to send him to a madhouse where he remained for several months unvisited by a single glimpse of reason, and raving unceasingly of his great work.

When he became somewhat calmer, I took the poor heart-broken Geneviève to see her lover, but he had lost all memory of her, and her wild and passionate endearments fell unheeded on his ear.

Never shall I forget that day; Jean had been permitted to leave the confinement of his chamber, and wander through the spacious grounds belonging to the establishment, followed at a distance by one of the keepers, and at the time of our visit he was moulding a small figure with the snow which he scraped and dug up with his long nails from the half-frozen ground; his dark matted hair streaming wildly over his shoulders, and his eyes burning, as it were with an intense brightness. He appeared disturbed at our presence, and we were reluctantly compelled to withdraw.

It was the last time that ever I beheld Jean Malanotti; that night he became worse than ever, and died in a few hours raving mad! The frail temple so long shattered had given way at length, and the weary spirit was at rest!

The duke de Lorme paused, deeply agitated; while the little Henriette crept up to him and sobbed aloud upon his bosom.

"It is but right to inform you," said the duchess, turning to us, "that the

* The great Florentine sculptor Donatello, is said to have uttered a similar exclamation on the completion of his famous statue of Judith.

mother of Jean Malanotti died mad, and therefore the disease was in part hereditary, although no doubt brought on with increased violence by the circumstances just related."

"After all," said the Lady Henriette, "it was better to die as poor as Jean did, and have his name famous for ages, than remain a common gardener, or a stocking-weaver, perhaps, with no higher hopes than of selling his rude clay figures at the yearly fair of Avignon."

"And yet he was happiest then," observed her grandfather.

"I would rather be great!" persisted the child.

This is the rock on which the young are so apt to split.

"But what has become of poor Geneviève?" asked Henriette, after a pause.

"She is still alive: grief does not kill, my child!"

"It would be better, I think, if it did!" said the little lady earnestly; and so ended the story of Jean Malanetti.

LITERARY RECORD.

Books ever were "dull" it is at the moment of this present writing. People of all classes are too absorbed in current events to give much heed to anything else than "leaders," telegrams, and news by the "our special correspondent," who, though he may write letters from Charleston snugly ensconced in his editorial room in New-York, still absorbs the attention of his readers. Book-dealers, in consequence, are "steering close into shore," and the author who hopes to force a publication and sale for his work is as presumptuous as the "democrat" who hopes to hold office under an opposition administration, or as a newsboy who hopes to sell a first edition of an afternoon paper when the third is announced, or as the editor of an Ohio paper, who, "having a wife and seven children to look after, would like to sell out one half of his interest to some competent young man;"—by which we mean, presumptuous to an appalling degree.

Still, an occasional book does drop from the press, as an occasional nut, dislodged by some audacious squirrel, comes rattling down through the leaves of the silent forest, to render its silence, the

more apparent. What are publishers for, if they don't publish? If they didn't drop a book down occasionally through these dismal times, the people, perchance, would forget all about books—a disaster of all disasters to "the trade." We may, therefore, look upon the brief pile of new books before us as *patriotic offerings*—not to "save the Union," but to keep alive the very thought of books until this sore political crisis is past. The herdsman, far up on the mountain, welcomes the one single silver note of song which mounts up from the little cot in the fair valley below. It sends a thrill to his heart for the memories it brings. Shall not we, poor pilgrims of the editorial heights (fifth story), welcome the voice from below that says, "Book for notice!" even if it be a single, solitary, lonely volume? Of course we will.

In our December issue, we referred to the exquisite edition of the works of Francis Bacon, edited by James Spedding, now being published in Boston, in monthly volumes. The large sale of so severe a work is a pleasing comment upon the tastes and proclivities of our reading public. Bacon had suffered so long under the load of obloquy which Pope precipitated in his line:

"The brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind,"

that, when Macaulay came thundering down upon him with his Malakoff batteries, the world seemed to grow reconciled to the hideous moral deformity of the philosopher and statesman, and most people, it would appear, rather *preferred* to look upon him as imperfect! Would it not excuse, by association and inference, their own short-comings? If one so great and wise as he should have his sins and weaknesses, how can more, or as much perfection, be expected of us? A *very* comforting syllogism. When, therefore, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his citations of great examples, in his dogmatic exposition of "Culture," does not even mention the name of Bacon—the genius of most super-human *culture*—when he rather refers to him elsewhere, in censure for his "life-long hypocrisy," we are not surprised. It is *so* much easier to dispose of greatness by a dictum, than by the *argumentum ad judicium* and the exercise of the Pagan *aparorū* of charity.

But the golden glory of Bacon's fame, though suffering the eclipse of a partial shadow, is not without the fair prospect of

sailing into cerulean of an untarnished sky. Hepworth Dixon, the Quaker—the same who arraigned Macaulay so severely for the historian's defamation of William Penn—has, for years, surmised that, in common with all great men who have been banned by their rivals and enemies, for their very greatness and superiority, Bacon was suffering from falsehood—that he was atrociously libelled, and his memory tainted with infamy, through the machinations of political rivals and the judgment of sensation writers. The honest-hearted Quaker, therefore, gave his best time for several years, exploring public and private archives in search of evidence beyond and *aside* from the *State* evidence upon which Bacon was convicted in the day of notorious scoundrels and impure morals. His labors have resulted in a volume* now reprinted in this country. We read with astonishment the record here produced. Original letters and documents are brought to light, drawn from the State Paper Office, the Lambeth MSS., Lansdowne MSS., Record Office, Privy Council Office, &c., &c., which are replete with facts and data upon which to base a demand for an unqualified reversal of the old judgment of baseness and venality. The *personal* history of the man is pretty thoroughly recounted, and the original matter recently brought to light is made to bear upon the record so strongly as to thrust received history into a background of unenviable *tone*. It has been reserved for the men of this century to throw the light of erudition and science upon a thousand records, whose falsehoods and obscurities have been stumbling-blocks for ages. Geologists have opened the dead eyes of ten thousand centuries to illuminate the story of creation. Philologists are pursuing the fleeting phantoms of words in the Orient, until, behind the mythic veil of Buddhism, they begin to discern the vestal virgin of a first language, whose existence, once confirmed, will solve for us questions of the utmost importance. The revelations of the telescope, microscope, photographic lens, and crucible, are leading us on from mystery to authentication, until we are almost masters of the very *process* of creation. This power of analysis is at work upon

the characters and statements of history, and, scarcely a year passes that some momentous change of opinions and impressions is not produced upon the mind of the reading, thinking world by the new version of the historic record rendered palpably necessary. In the case of Bacon, the attempt to reverse the judgment of two and a half centuries, was fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties, growing out of the *settled prejudices* of the English mind; but, through the labors, first of Mr. Spedding, then of Mr. Dixon, so much has been accomplished, that it is probable there will follow, if not an actual repudiation of the sentence of his associates, at least an acknowledgment of the possibility of his having been vilified and wronged. This is one half of the victory—it is the stand-point from which many a strong battery can be opened; and we can but be hopeful of the final result. Let truth prevail! If he was a great and good man, his memory will be vindicated, we must feel.

We refer to Mr. Emerson's characterization of Bacon in a way to imply a want of respect for his judgment. Whatever veneration we may have felt for his intellectual resources, we confess it has been greatly qualified by the perusal of his last and most important book* now before us. His previous essays were simple expressions of judgment, and convictions which we believed grew out of a cosmopolitan philosophy—a thoroughly digested system of belief, by which a man might live and die. That our faith was premature we are now painfully aware. A defined philosophy he certainly has not—a well-regulated and harmonious system he is as far from having as the variable and desolate blasts of March are from the sweet revose and fullness of June. In the philosophic disquisitions on *Fate* and *Worship*, we are treated to the *summum bonum* of Mr. Emerson's creed—to his "philosophy." What a tissue of incongruities—what a series of rhetorical epigrams—what a labyrinth of effects without causes, of causes without effects! We have read in wonder, considered in astonishment, and awakened to a realizing sense that our "American Carlyle"

* *THE CONDUCT OF LIFE*, By R. W. Emerson, Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 12 mo, \$88 pages. Embracing the following disquisitions, viz.:—"Fate," "Power," "Wealth," "Culture," "Behavior," "Worship," "Considerations by the Way," "Beauty," and "Illusions."

is a mere Jacob's coat of impressions—that he absorbs everything, in his odd way, from Epicurus and Plato to Theodore Parker, and reflects each and all *distinctly*, as the mood is upon him. Hence, upon one page we read what is repudiated and gainsayed upon another; we have a magnificent discourse upon the unfettered reason, and find that the author's egotism directs all reason by his individual interpretation; we learn that man is his own god, that he is the embodiment of all that is good and supreme, but learn to our surprise, on another page, that he is guilty of monstrous meannesses and short-comings. Thus the record runs: a strange relation, indeed, reminding us of the geological "drift," which left behind it so many singular, irregular, and unaccountable results. This, did our space warrant, we should love to verify, by citations from different pages of his work: we could show our readers a most heterogeneous mass of theory and speculation—a perfect conglomerate of ideas, thrown together, it is true, with a *staccato* brilliancy which is sure to leave a pleasant impression on the mind not looking for consistency and system. Emerson, if a great egotist, is an enthusiast in his admiration for, if not actual worship of, the beautiful. He revels in a sensuous realm and enjoys sensuous sights and associations as eagerly as a child. This renders his essay always agreeable, and, a true poet, as he undoubtedly is, it gives to his philosophic attempts the prophetic air of the poet, rather than the terse logic of the true philosopher. Emerson's place in our literature is distinctive if not actually representative. He always writes or lectures with acceptance—he provokes remark—he drives rough-shod over old customs, old prejudices, old theologies, if he sees occasion for it. But, he repeats the result of some great movement in the world of thought rather than heralds it in advance; he catches, like an artful artist, the most unexpected contrasts, and sets people to talking; he is at times odd, beautiful, wayward, and strongly personal, in almost the same breath. All this is without that quality of genius which actually originates, builds up and fortifies new and representative ideas—a short-coming which makes it ridiculous to claim for him the position of the "Carlyle of America." We have yet to produce the intellect which bears the slightest resemblance to that of the sturdy,

stormy, obstinate, clear-headed, relentless Scotchman.

The announcement, by Derby & Jackson, of a Riverside edition of the works of Hood, will be received with pleasure by all lovers of that inimitable humorist, large-hearted poet, and most estimable man. Certainly, no author of to-day better merits the honor of a choice edition—none will better bear the tinted paper and choice press-work. Since Hood's death, in 1845, his good reputation has steadily increased, until, now, he ranks with "Elia," in purity and gentleness of heart, with Jerrold and Sydney Smith, in the unctuousness of his humor, with Leigh Hunt and Keats, as a poet of sentiment and fancy; while, as the author of the "Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs," he stands alone in English literature; for their pathos, exquisite beauty of construction, noble humanity of sentiment, are incomparable. Hood was a busy author from his first entry upon editorial labors, in 1821, up to the date of his last illness. He first became sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, by which he was thrown in contact with Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Bowering, Hazlit, Elton, Horace Smith, Allan Cunningham, Proctor, Reynolds, &c. His association with these admirable men and graceful thinkers gave to his mind a cast something similar to their own, though it took a vastly wider range of thought and fancy. He wrote in "almost every direction" for the *London*—prose and poetry, serious and comic, didactic and paragraphic, essays and epigrams: he was its life and leading spirit, making it, if not influential, at least well-known and talked about. In 1826, he collected, from his contributions to the magazine, enough for his volume of *Whims and Oddities*. Previous to this, however, his *Odes and Addresses to Great People* (written by himself and his brother-in-law, Reynolds), had been published. His *National Tales* were issued in book form in 1827. His *Poems*, embracing "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Hero and Leander," "Lycus," &c., soon followed. The *Comic Annual* was introduced in 1829, and was continued for some years. He edited the *Gem* for one year, publishing in it that most perfect and beautiful of ballads, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which was soon reproduced, in exquisite book form, charmingly illustrated with designs by Hervey. In 1834, he gave the

world the delightful novel *Tilney Hall*. In 1836, a new and enlarged edition of the *Whims and Oddities*. In 1838, a monthly serial, made up of contributions to the *Comic Annual*, with new matter, and styled *Hood's Own*. These books were all widely read, and rendered their author one of the town celebrities. But his health gave out—his enemy consumption was pressing him close—death stared at him even as he wrote to make others laugh. He took a trip to the Continent, whence he wrote his delightful volume *Up the Rhine*. Returning, he assumed editorial charge of the *New Monthly*. This he conducted up to 1843, when he retired, absolutely driven out of place by his ill-health. But he must earn bread for his dearly-beloved ones. He collected a volume of *Whimsicalities* from his *New Monthly* contributions. In 1844, he started *Hood's Magazine*—to which he contributed up to the month prior to his death (May 3, 1845). He contributed to *Punch* during his last two years—the "Song of the Shirt" being one of his contributions to its pages. This running record proves his industry to have been great, his resources to have been exhaustless, and his popularity wide. His death left a blank in English periodical literature, which, to this day, is not successfully filled. In America, his works have had a wide circulation: perhaps no British author is more truly beloved. The new edition announced will be embraced in six 12mo volumes, and will comprise his poems, humorous and sentimental, together with the "Odes and Addresses," "Laura," "The Epping Hunt," &c., &c.—all in three volumes; "Comic, Miscellany, and Autobiographical Papers," in one volume; "Whims and Oddities," including the "National Tales," one volume; "Up the Rhine," including romances, extravagances, &c., one volume. The last three are profusely illustrated from designs by Hood, who, in early life, was an engraver and designer by profession.

The republication by Ticknor & Fields of the *Autobiography of Rev. Alexander Carlyle*, gives us a delightful repertory of reminiscences and personal relations of one who was an associate with the noted men of his day. Born in 1722, and dying in 1805, Dr. A., by his eminence as a minister, his excellent qualities as a social companion, his early association with authors, and his participation in their adventures, his taste as a man of

letters, renders his personal sketches extremely interesting as well as instructive. What a constellation of stars pass before us! What an exposé of men and the times as they were? Why the volume has lain *perdu* so long we do not know. It is one of the books which lovers of gossip will *devour*, and recur to in memory very often. We may, in a future number of our *Journal*, reproduce some of the old minister's "recollections."

A second volume of "Hymns of the Ages," has been collected and published by Ticknor & Fields. It embraces hymns and sacred poems chiefly by writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These poems have perennial beauty and pathos in their utterance, and the Christian family could not secure a more treasured volume. How the worth of such a volume contrasts with the empty sound of much of our modern "poetry!" We trust other volumes will be added to the series.

Rudd & Carleton's more recent issues embrace Dr. Cumming's celebrated sermons on the near approach of the day of Final Judgment. One series, comprised in two 12mo volumes, viz., "The Great Tribulation, or Things Coming on the Earth," we referred to at more length in former numbers of this Journal. The succeeding series, also in two volumes, is "The Great Preparation, or Redemption draweth nigh." It elaborates the author's peculiar views of the "Closing Scene," and essays to prepare us for the great change soon to come. The Dr. is a learned divine, an earnest preacher, a close reasoner; and, apparently convinced that he has a mission to perform, he speaks fearless of prejudice or old beliefs. His books have had a very large circulation both in Europe and America; and though many may have little faith in his doctrines—from their resemblance to the Millerite delusions, yet, from their novelty and originality of exposition, the audience is very large on this side of the water. "The Bible View of Slavery," is a discourse preached by the eminent Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Raphall, of New York, on occasion of the National Fast (January 4). It views slavery as a normal condition of a portion of the human race, not only sanctioned by the Old Testament, but ordained by it. The Dr. handles his text most skilfully; and the fact that his discourse awakened a bitter controversy on the part of "the papers," shows, of itself, that

his views have strength. This discourse is issued by R. & C., in paper covers; as also is the "Prayer for Rulers, or Duty of Christian Patriots," a discourse preached by Rev. Dr. Adams, of New-York, January 4th. These sermons, together with others by Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Thornwell, of S. C., Dr. Bellows, of N. Y., Dr. Breckinridge, of Ky., Dr. Vinton, of N. Y., Dr. Dabney, of Va., will issue in a large duodecimo volume.

Sheldon & Co.'s edition of Macaulay's essays, we are not surprised to learn, is having a large sale. It is, in truth, the *only* perfect edition yet presented of the great essayist's superb papers. The volumes (six) are perfect specimens of typographic beauty. They include the various contributions of the great historian to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Knight's Quarterly*, and other leading English periodicals. In addition to those essays published several years ago, in three volumes, by Longman, Green & Co., of London, during the author's lifetime, and with his corrections and revisions, the present edition contains those published since his death, and several which are supposed to be his, though not found in any other edition of his works. As the essays have been arranged in chronological order, their perusal in their new form affords a biographical portraiture of the author's mind, while the copious index enables the reader to refer at once to any subject they discuss. Not the least attractive feature of the edition is the Memoir of Macaulay, by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, of Boston, and a critical analysis of his works. Mr. W. is one of our most acute critics, and the paper from his hand is worthy of him and his subject. No well-ordered library can spare this edition. If the old edition is on hand, send it to the nearest book-stall for sale at any price, and secure this paragon edition.

"Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by Dean Ramsay, is issued in a very neat 12mo, by Ticknor & Fields. This most delightful book has reached its seventh edition in Edinburgh. The Dean, in his note to this American edition, says: "Many will delight to be reminded or informed of the quaint sayings and eccentric doings connected with the past humorists of Scotland, in all ranks of society—with her original and strong-minded old ladies—her excellent and simple parish ministers—her amusing and paro-

chial half-dast idiots—her pawky lairds, and her old-fashioned, but now obsolete domestic servants and retainers." This is the key-note to the volume—a tissue of personal anecdote, gossip, story, and reflection, which any one can enjoy. To Scotchmen the book will particularly be welcome.

The new edition (8), of the *magnum opus* of the British press, the "Encyclopedia Britannica," has reached its close in the twenty-first volume. The twenty-second volume will comprise an index on a very elaborate scale—a new and certainly most desirable feature. What a contrast does this really magnificent work offer to that produced on this side of the water, under the name of the "New American Cyclopedia"—a contrast rather disagreeable to American pride and talent. The British work is, by far, the best of its name ever published. It has engrossed the best mind, of Britain in its production, and stands as a great landmark of excellence in the world of literature. It yet remains for the American Encyclopedia to be produced, which shall command in its production the splendid scholarship and critical acumen of first-class writers in this country.

Of literary enterprises outside of the Atlantic cities, Follett, Foster & Co., of Columbus, O., deserves mention. This enterprising house has issued, during the year past, several volumes of more than passing interest. One now before us, "The Poets and Poetry of the West,"* aims at a representative character, and is, therefore, worthy of special attention. The editor of the work is a gentleman well known in the literature of the West. Having made that literature a subject of study, as well as having a personal knowledge of many of its authors, he may be regarded as one well qualified for the responsible labor assumed. The volume is constructed upon the plan of Dr. Griswold's books, giving a complete biographical sketch and critical estimate of each author, with citations from their most reputable productions. It embraces notices of upward of one hundred and fifty writers, with ample quotations. In the preparation of his matter, the editor has been assisted by several gentlemen of well-known name. The work has been

* The POETS AND POETRY OF THE WEST, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By William T. Coggeshall, Columbus, O. Follett, Foster & Co., \$vo, 668 pages.

done with an evident desire for *completeness*—that *Western Poetry* may be seen as *it is*, and, therefore, have just the recognition which it merits. Western authors have, unquestionably, fared badly at the hands of both Dr. Griswold and Mr. Duyckinck. In all the works, "The Poets and Poetry of America," "The Female Poets of America," "The Prose Writers of America," "Cyclopædia of American Literature," a remarkable reticence is practised regarding authors whose birth and residence happened to be trans-Alleghany. This may have been owing to the difficulty of obtaining correct data; but, more probably, to the indifference felt toward "outsiders"—men and women whose reputation was not a conceded thing in *New-York* literary circles. Hence, their books all fail miserably in representing the writers and literature of the Mississippi valley. There was, therefore, an actual need for just such a volume as the one now under notice; as well as need for one which, we trust, is to follow, viz.: "The Prose Writers of the West." Two such volumes would embrace most interesting personal data, as well as reproduce many compositions of rare merit now inaccessible to the vast majority of readers.

The merits of Mr. Coggeshall's work are of the positive kind, as, also, are its demerits. Its plan seemed to compel the notice of many poets whose productions have no distinctive or actual merit. This cumbers the volume with much that is not good, although it may be necessary in order to form a correct estimate of the present *status* of the Western poetic mind. A careful pruning would cut the book down fully one third, though we presume its editor did not feel at liberty to exercise the authority delegated to him, as severely as his critical judgment might have dictated. Another feature which impresses a critical reader unpleasantly is the *con amore* nature of many of the biographical sketches. The preparation of the notices was confided, in many instances, to particular friends of the parties, and, as a consequence, they are tinged with a praise which savors more of the language of the friend than of the dispassionate literary arbiter. This is to be regretted, for it destroys that confidence in judgment which a reader ought ever to feel in the dictum of his editor and author—it distracts the *unity* of the work, through which should run one es-

timate, one mind, one standard of excellence. We are sorry the editor did not perform the labor of the entire preparation of the matter, great as it might have been.

The merits of the book are such as fit it for the library and reference case. It embodies a vast number of very choice poems, not generally attainable; while, in its biographical notices, we have transcripts of many interesting lives. We may particularly specify those of Wm. D. Gallagher, Thos. H. Shreve, Otway Curry, Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Mrs. Bolton, Capt. Cutter, Mrs. Dumont, Jas. H. Perkins, &c., &c. We miss, among those who might have been properly included in the volume; Albert Pike, Louis Le Grand Noble, Ephraim Peabody, Wm. W. Lord, Lydia Jane Pierson, Jane Swisshelm, &c., &c. [The public will be surprised to learn that Gov. Chase is a poet! He is given five pages; Capt. Lytle is given six pages:—does it therefore follow that Salmon B. Chase, poet, is equal to five sixths of Capt. Wm. D. Lytle, poet? Hon. S. S. Cox, the poetic "Buckeye Abroad," is omitted. Why? "Count" Dusenberry is consigned to oblivion. Will his northern Ohio friends tamely submit to this?]

ART GOSSIP.

T is not always true that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In the case of Mr. William Page we have a reversal of the adage, if we may believe the proofs before us in the honors conferred upon the artist by two "eminent authorities," viz.: the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* monthlies for February. In the former, "the leader" is from the pen of the sculptor, B. Paul Akers, and is devoted to the presentation of the illustrious "points" in Mr. Page's artist career. It is a genial, discriminating paper, worthy of its subject, and creditable to the author's feelings. *Harper*, in the "Easy Chair," gives Page a somewhat remarkable notice, qualified in unexplicit generalities, (are the art notices of the "Chair" ever otherwise?) but conceding him a first place among American, if not among living painters. We are glad to record this recognition. Whether it is due to a keen, subtle discrimination, or is prompted in no small degree by regard

for the estimable qualities of the man, is all the same to the general public, which takes the dicta of the critics unreservedly. The notices will excite that remark among connoisseurs and unbiased judges which, doubtless, will give to Mr. Page the position in the world of American art to which he is justly entitled.

Mr. Page now has on exhibition at the Gallery, 548 Broadway, "Aaron and Hur sustaining the arms of Moses while the battle rages on the plain below," and "Venus Guiding the Trojans to the Latinian Shore." The latter is now so disposed with maroon-colored surroundings as to measurably subdue its tone. It has never been shown to advantage, hitherto; and those who remember it from its first exhibition will be startled and delighted with the improved face and expression of the whole work. Beyond all question, this "Venus" is one of the most superb pieces of figure-coloring of modern times. It shows how patient and profound have been the artist's studies of his great master, Titian. The first-named work is the largest ever wrought by Mr. Page, being an upright, nine by twelve feet. It is a fuller embodiment of the artist's conception of color-expression than the "Venus." It has challenged the most exciting and contrary criticism as to its merits as a whole, though all agree that its mastery of the palette's resources is supreme. Mr. Page has taken rooms at the Tenth street Studios where he is now busy upon portraits and composition commissions.

One of the best landscapes yet painted by an American artist, is Mr. James Hart's large composition picture now on exhibition at Snedecor's, on Broadway, near Tenth street. It is characterized by a richness of color, a mellowness of tone, a minute faithfulness to form and foliage, and a breadth of expression, which combine to render it a noble painting. Mr. Hart improves upon each successive work. His "Placid Lake," of last year, was regarded as the best picture he had then produced, though it was injured by its *slovenly* exhibition in the store-room of a picture store; but, there can be no question in regard to the superiority of this new composition over that of last year. A few more brief strides will place Mr. Hart at the head of American landscape art. This we say, having all the terrors of the friends of Mr. Church's "Heart of the Andes" before our eyes.

Mr. Leutze has made another landmark